

# COLMAN'S RURAL WORLD

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AND VALLEY FARMER.

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NORMAN J. COLMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## AGRICULTURE.

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### HOW TO MAKE THE BEST BUTTER.

There is only one way to make good butter, though many new ways have been published, and are daily published. The best butter has long since been made, and is now made. The thing is to find out this old and present way, and cast aside all new-fangled ways.

There is no end to the difference in quality of butter. Enter the market, and you will find it to your satisfaction. This has been so always, and will always be so until people learn to make it alike, on the best models, and that is the one general model the world over, in the West as well as in the East, in Europe as in America. We cannot change the making of butter to suit the climate: we must suit the climate to the butter; for there is absolutely only one way to the true, the best butter. And how is that?

First, there must be cleanliness in everything, for there is nothing that so takes on the odors that come in contact with it as butter, and holds them there, not in solution, but mixed, to be felt the moment they touch the palate.

These odors must be kept out.

How? By keeping them away—by keeping the butter where there are none, and—which is the great important thing—by observing cleanliness in making the butter.

Here is where butter-makers fail. They are in the habit of being slovenly, many of them: and this habit is readily extended to the butter—hence, bad butter. Why, even a new firkin must be treated before it is fit to receive the butter: if not, it will impart its flavor. Buy your butter of the merchant where it is kept in rolls in a firkin, and you will be sure of having the firkin taste, even if the roll has been in only a day or two.

Where pans are not thoroughly steamed and cleansed, so that they are clean, and nothing else, the butter will be affected, just as surely as it is made in this manner. So with the churn, which must be particularly kept clean—always something of a job. It must be steamed and scrubbed, and kept—clean. The rules are severe; but this is the thing that will make butter, such as it should be.

In milking, great care must be taken—which is not generally the case. Some care is taken; but this will not do. In stables, what filth is permitted. It is enough to make a person gag just at the thought of it. Even a hair has its effect, so sensitive is milk.

A bad habit is, milking with wet teats. Those droppings (from the hands) which we so much witness, must be discontinued: and dry milking is the only remedy. Even then the dry scales must not be permitted to fall into the pail—the pail must be kept to one side.

Never milk in a rain.

Keep your milk, as we have before said, in a clean place, where the air is free from impurities. A root cellar, therefore, is not the place for milk; a mouldy cellar is not; neither is a place where mice are permitted to reach the

milk. Your cellar must be pure—that is inevitable.

The temperature should be about 55°. A variation of five degrees either way, will not much influence the milk. In about 24 hours the cream will be about all at the top. If not, and the milk is yet sweet, leave a little longer, but never till the milk thickens—that is one step too far. You do not get any the more butter; but you do get less sweet. It never fails. Examine your milk, therefore, as it approaches the 24 hours; and when right, when just on the point of turning, skim, and churn at once. Do not keep to turn sour, which it will in a few hours if you do not churn it at once.

Take the butter out immediately. Work it slowly with cool, clean water. Did we say clean? we mean pure. Soft water should be used, as the acids, which always prevail in hard water, will be taken up by the butter to a greater or less extent.

You are now in the nicest operation of the whole system of butter-making. If you work too much, you will break the "thread," or globules, that compose the butter, that form its texture. These little globules contain the butter oil. When broken, your butter is grease—that accounts for the greasy butter you meet with. These little balls (which a microscope will show you) must be kept whole—and it can be done only by working the butter carefully, slowly, till the milk is all out. This is as indispensable to good butter as warmth to a live body. The milk must be worked out, all. If you do not work it out, it will have the effect of all butter-milk—it will turn sour—turn sour in the butter; and what butter do you suppose you will have? Precisely that which you have in the summer after it is a few weeks old, according to the weather. It is the butter-milk souring that hastens the spoiling of the butter. Let every particle, then, be taken out, so that crystal beads, instead of cloudy drops, ornament it.

About an ounce of pure rock salt to the pound should be used. Some prefer more, some less; it is a mere matter of taste—as it is not the salt that preserves the butter, but the purity of the butter itself. Salt only adds flavor. Use nothing else to flavor. When salted, set away for a day. Then work again till the butter is all of one color and consistency.

Pack in clean, tight jars, or firkins. Jars (earthen) are best; though wood will do. Ash is generally considered best. The point is, you want to avoid the taste of the wood. To this end, water is kept in the tub for several days. Some slightly scorch the inside—this is effectual. Charcoal is an absorber of impurities. Thus charred vessels are used to keep water. It can thus be kept fresh for a long time.

Pack solid; and immediately after each packing, spread a cloth over, thoroughly saturated with brine. When filled, cover with the cloth well dampened, and follow with salt well put on, to be also kept damp. Then keep in a cool place, of as uniform a temperature as possible, avoiding dampness and bad odors.

"But this is too much trouble."

That is your look out; not ours. We only tell you how to make good butter—the very best. We will also tell you that the industrious and neat make it so; and it is from them that we get our good butter.

As to climate—it is of course more difficult to make good butter in a warm than a cool climate. A cool cellar is always a necessity; the windows thrown open in cool weather (cool nights especially), and closed when warm winds prevail. Still warm weather does not affect a cellar so much. But the warm wind will blow out the heavier, cool air.

A great aid to cold water, is an ice-house. We may call it indispensable to a dairy in a warm climate.

One step farther, and we have occupied the whole ground. Pastures should be free from scented weeds, or anything that imparts flavor to milk, and hence to butter. No flavor, however good, is allowed in the presence of butter. We want only the butter flavor. The feed, the water, then, should be pure.

Such a practice is sure of success, both in price and in profit. EASTERN DAIRYMAN.

### MULCHING.

Mulching is the farmer's hold in the West. The heat is great, and drouth is one of the accompaniments. The soil is rich, and manuring is not so absolutely necessary as in the East: for many crops the soil is sufficiently rich with us. It is also mellow and readily worked; but it requires more mulching than in the East. This, it requires here, and is an absolute necessity: the farmer should make it a chief point of attention. Mulch with manure, or straw, or straw and manure well worked together, as is the case with stable manure. And always be sure to have the soil mellow. This, in addition with a light mulch, will give the air a chance to circulate through the ground and improve it.

### LARGE AND SMALL CLOVER.

There are prejudices connected with these two clovers. Each has its advocates. We must lay aside these things and look to the true merits—which each has.

For raising pure clover, the small is preferable—decidedly. It starts up earlier in the spring, and matures sooner, being fit for the scythe in June, hence called June clover. It may even be harvested earlier with us. Two crops may thus readily be harvested, and a good after-math secured besides, for protection of the plant from frost during the winter and spring. Besides, the small clover is more succulent and tender than the large; is finer; forms better hay for stock; and for milk is unsurpassed by any forage plant.

The larger clover should be raised where Timothy is wanted in the hay, as it will mature at the time Timothy does, which is not the case with the other clover. All clover should be cut in early blossom, which is too soon with the small, as the Timothy is not even headed out.

The large clover has an advantage over the

small, in its long, large roots, which penetrate deeply, drawing strength from the far under soil, and enriching the ground, and enriching the upper soil by the manure of its roots.

Plaster (gypsum) is the especial friend of clover. In the East it is considered indispensable to the high success of this crop. It should be used, even, if difficult of access. Half a bushel to the acre will do, if no more can well be obtained, though a bushel is better.

The country is largely indebted for its prosperity to clover. In some localities it forms the chief staple of profit, both for plowing under and for forage. On land inaccessible to manure, as high uplands, sow the large kind, and plow in a full crop, using plaster to aid its growth.

### KEEP THE GROUND STIRRED.

There is nothing like it. It not only destroys the weeds, but it keeps the soil moist. Plowing or cultivating hoed crops once or twice in a season, as is commonly done, is not enough. The ground should be stirred once or twice a week all summer, if the crops will permit it. It is almost indispensable to stir the soil after every rain—to prevent the formation of a hard crust on the surface.

Jethro Tull used to think that constant stirring of the soil, would dispense with the necessity of using manure. In this he was mistaken—though, by this constant cultivation of the soil, it drew a greater amount of fertile elements from the atmosphere, and consequently would keep in a fertile state a longer time and produce greater crops.

A mellow soil breathes, so to speak. It takes in the air; and the air imparts its virtue to it. Hot air, as in summer, especially in a drouth, contains more moisture, owing to its expansion, than cool air, and hence imparts moisture. But this it cannot do, if the ground is hard.

### MAKING CHEESE.

Rules for the making of cheese may be written down; but they can, at the best, only furnish the idea. Actual practice, hand-test, is requisite to learning the art of cheese-making, whether in factory or otherwise. The best way to do in a locality where there is no dairying, is to secure a practical cheese maker. Do not attempt to make cheese unless you practically and thoroughly understand the process. If you do, loss will be the result. The trade (it is a critical trade) learned at once, in the commencement of the undertaking, is the true way.

### QUALITIES OF CATTLE.

Ayrshires for cheese; Devons for butter; and Alderneys for cream. These, on the best native stock, will improve. The improved Short Horns combine these qualities to a large extent, and are, besides, superior for beef. When we say the Alderneys for cream, we mean the richest cream, not the most, as less milk is given by them than by the Devons, and less butter made from a cow. For the farmer who has but few cows, the improved Short Horns are the best, as they combine more or less the good qualities. Excellent for milk, they are still more so for beef.



## THE CANADA THISTLE.

(Cnicus Arvensis.)

The readers of the *Rural World* have heretofore been cautioned against this pest. The West is, as yet, pretty free from it—and simply because it is comparatively a new country, and far from the localities where it flourishes.

We are acquainted with the Canada Thistle, and its pestilent habits. It is one of the worst incumbrances of the soil, occupying generally the best land, where it flourishes exceedingly, penetrating the soil with its long, rope-like roots, almost to an indefinite extent. And it is certain to exclude all grain, and occupy the premises alone. Ordinary farming seems only to increase its thirt; and only with difficulty can it be subdued—and with the greatest difficulty eradicated, especially in the rich soil of the West.

It is scattered through the country in many ways, chiefly in grass and clover seed from the East. It also is sometimes carried in the straw which envelopes fruit trees, and that is used to pack crockery—for in many localities of the East there is no straw that has not thistles in it. They find it difficult to get straw for their beds. So great is this pest in the East, that the binding of grain is dispensed with, and the grain loaded with the fork made for that purpose, which has become a common article of trade.

A little care now will save the West from this evil. If not, it will surely come among us, and that soon—and then eradicate the pest if you can. The accompanying cut will enable our readers to detect it.

## CORN FOR FODDER.

This should have been sowed before now—but will do well yet. Sow in drills; wide enough apart, so that the grass can be kept out with the cultivator; or sow broad-cast, two bushels to the acre. In two months' time, the corn will be fit to commence cutting up, and give to the herds. This may be continued for a month—say the month of September, which has the most barren pasture—for we are not of those who will admit the thought of feeding off meadows in the fall, or pastures too close.

Cut what is wanted, once or twice a day (morning, or morning and evening,) and feed in the field, or in the stable, as preferred. Sow also a month later, so as to have feed for October. There should be two or three sowings every season. Sow on good corn ground.

**SAUSAGE.**—For 10 lbs. meat, take 2 ozs. pepper, 1/2 ozs. sage, 4 ozs. salt, and 1/2 oz. cayenne pepper. Mix well, adding some warm water to make them fill easy. They should be filled in skins and linked, and dried before cooking.

Another recipe recommends 3 ozs. salt in seasoning 4 lbs. sausage. One pound of salt to 50 lbs. sausage, or at most 1/2 ozs. salt to 4 lbs. sausage, will be found enough to suit most palates.

This is an engraving of a likeness, taken from life, by W. D. T. Travis, of a pure Cotswold Buck, the property of S. T. Drane, near Eminence, Ky.

His length of body, from tip of nose (with head on a line with his back), is 61 inches; his girth around the barrel when in medium flesh (wool on), 63 inches; his height over shoulders, (medium flesh, wool pressed down,) 32 inches; his weight (in good flesh) is 320 lbs.

He was leased by J. W. Hardin, Esq. of Shelby County, Ky., last fall, for fifty dollars for the season.

Mr. Drane, has been engaged in breeding pure Cotswolds for a number of years, and has been highly successful in obtaining premiums at the State and County Fairs.

In point of size, beauty of form, weight of fleece, &c., his herd cannot be surpassed.

The Cotswold breed of sheep was introduced into the United States upwards of thirty years ago, and originated in the County of Gloucester, Eng.

## TURNIPS.

The turnip is the poor man's plant, and the poor farmer's especially. It will grow where nothing else will—but will do best in light soil. A little manure added is a wonderful feeder of the turnip. And the turnip can be used in the family, and in the barn—and to great advantage in either. Why this wholesome and early raised tuber is not more grown, seems almost a mystery. We have known families to almost live on turnips. We repeat, they are the poor man's friend. In sterile regions we have known large crops raised—crops that staggered us to look at. New land is favorable to turnips. The soil is light: that mostly accounts for it. The greatest difficulty in raising the turnip is, the insects—in some places the drouth; that is, in starting them. When once fully on the way, insects and drouth have little effect. A little manure on your poorest, lightest soil (generally avoid clay), and care at the critical time, when the plant is young, will give you a good crop.

## SHEEP SHEARING.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Having just finished shearing, I send you a statement of product—Began six years ago on mixed stock, largely predominating in common sheep, and worked three years on French, and the last three on Spanish Merino. My first clip averaged two pounds, three ounces. This year as follows, washed:

Ewes, with lambs,	4 lbs. 3 ozs.
" without "	4 " 8 "
" one year old,	4 " 12 "
Wethers, .	5 " 5 "

Average of whole flock round, 4 " 8 1/2

Sheared some in April without washing, average over, 9 "

Owing to my sheep not being in the best condition, last fall, I fall short in lambs; but out of thirty-five, thirty would pass as good lambs in Vermont.

Yours, &c. R.

**“A Farmer”** is informed, that corn, properly fed to sheep, will not cause them to shed their wool—nor will any other grain. The principal cause of sheep shedding their wool is, that they are permitted to become poor—are not fed sufficiently—and the wool ceases to grow—becomes, as it were, dead. A new crop will ultimately start, throwing off the old one. If the sheep are kept constantly in good condition, whether on hay and straw, or with grain combined, there is no danger of losing their wool. It is a mistaken policy to keep sheep as little as will sustain them. If they are well fed, they will thrive and produce a heavy fleece; and if poorly fed, a light fleece will be the result. Corn and oats, properly given to sheep, will be found highly remunerative.

**SCAB IN SHEEP.**—The *Michigan Farmer's Gazette* recommends the following as the best preventive: 2 ozs. white arsenic, 2 ozs. corrosive sublimate, 1 lb. saltpetre, 1 lb. starch, and 1 quart spirits turpentine, mixed with 20 gallons water, and applied soon after shearing.

## THE PURE COTSWOLD BUCK, EDWARD THE SECOND.



## CELLARDOM.

Cellars under dwelling houses are generally deemed indispensable. They are certainly very useful; but there are evils of such magnitude connected with them, that some have advocated their non-construction. They are, almost universally, manufactories of foul air, which, finding its way upward, by means of doors, windows, stairways, and crevices in the floors, diffuses its noxious elements through the rooms above, and becomes a fruitful source of disease; and again, they serve as a harbor for rats and mice, in the mode in which they are usually constructed, affording access to the side walls from below.

It is not necessary, however, that they should be infested with vermin or half-filled with rotting garbage to produce the results complained of. The surface of the earth is filled with decomposable substances, and whenever air is confined in any spot, it becomes saturated with various exhalations deleterious to health. Means must be provided, therefore, for their thorough ventilation, or cellars must be totally abandoned. A cellar, to fully serve its purposes, should be cool in summer, impervious to frost in winter, and at all times free from moisture. The walls should rise one or two feet at least above the level of the surrounding ground, and should be laid in good lime mortar, or at least pointed with it. The thickness of the wall should not be less than fifteen or eighteen inches; and if the house walls above be built of brick or stone, two feet is preferable. The cellar should have a connecting drain at its lowest corner, which should always be kept free from obstruction; and each room in it should have, at least, two sliding sash windows to secure a good circulation of air. In very cold climates, those portions of the wall above the surface of the ground should be double, either by means of a distinct thin wall, on the outside, or by lathing and plastering on the inside, and be furnished with double windows as a further security against frost. An outside door with a flight of steps is desirable in every cellar, and especially in one connected with a farm house.

It should always be borne in mind that, in constructing cellars, particular care should be taken to have all its walls and their connecting surfaces with the ceilings above, all perfectly tight and secure from the egress and ingress of all vermin, however diminutive. A due observance of these hints, with those given above in regard to keeping the cellar clear from all rubbish and decaying vegetable matter, will insure any house from the presence of vermin.

[*Herald Health.*]

**FAIR AT CARLINVILLE.**—The Macoupin Co. (Ills.) Agricultural and Mechanical Society, will hold their next Fair at Carlinville, commencing on the 3d of October and continuing four days. The Society offer a fine list of premiums. The premiums on horses particularly are large and highly creditable to the Society.

We are a great lover of the noble horse, and like to see the best breeds encouraged.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

## Agricultural Colleges and Education.

We shall have something to say in future numbers of the *World* on the above subjects.—We have been desirous to gain all the light we can on these important topics. We are exceedingly anxious to see established in every State, an efficient Agricultural College. The best way of doing it, is the puzzling question of the day. Nearly every one has his own plan.

Of one thing we can speak in positive terms. We should have but one college in each State from the Grant by Congress for this purpose. The fund must not be divided. It is not near large enough now to support a single institution. Our columns are open to the temperate, but brief, discussion of this important subject.

## A GLANCE AT THE CROPS.

On a trip just taken from New York to St. Louis, we were surprised, constantly, to see the wretched condition of the corn. In New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, there will not be half a crop, unless the change is immediately for the better. It is the long-continued rains, which have pervaded the whole country, that did the evil. Most of the corn seems to be just out of the ground, having necessarily been planted late, and is uniformly pale and sickly. As the Mississippi is approached, there is an improvement; and in the vicinity of St. Louis, there is fair corn; but corn, on the whole, stands a chance to be a great failure.

Wheat, through the whole course, beginning with the Genesee valley, is most promising; so is grass; and the same may be said of the spring grains. In the vicinity of St. Louis, the crops all promise abundantly.

## BEETS FOR MILCH COWS.

Farmers who have accurately tested the merits of the different kinds of feed, for milch cows in winter, look with favor upon the beet. A test recorded by the *Germantown Telegraph*, gives 7 1/2 lbs. of butter per week from a cow; 5 for carrots. In both cases, hay and corn fodder were given as much as was wanted to be eaten. Cut hay and meal were also tried, and produced over 6 lbs. Half a bushel of the roots were used a day to each cow. Beets on good soil and properly tended, will produce 4 to 500 bushels to the acre. The advantage of raising this crop will at once be seen. Sugar is a prominent property in the beet. It has specially a warming influence, and hence is favorable for winter feed.

**SOWING SORGHU FOR FODDER.**—This is highly recommended—preferred to corn. Sow and treat the same as corn.

**BLACK-LEG IN CALVES.**—Blacksmith Bill recommends: Beef brine and cider vinegar, equal parts, boiled together, and rubbed on the legs, breast and back, while hot, with woolen cloths.



## HORTICULTURAL.

### THUMB AND FINGER PRUNING.

This is the best of all pruning. It does not disturb nature. It is, in nearly all cases, done judiciously. It must be done when the shoots are in a soft and succulent state. It is done to regulate the growth, the form of the tree.—If a branch grows too rapidly—is likely to usurp too much space: it must be pinched back to allow the rest of the tree to come forward. Every tree can be made symmetrical and perfect in form by a little care in pinching in, if done when the tree is young. Every one can prune in this way. It requires no particular skill—only the exercise of a little common sense. The finest standard pear trees we ever saw, had never had a knife or saw about them. The thumb and forefinger had only been used. The trees belonged to Wm. Saunders, of Germantown, Penn., one of the first horticulturists in the country. He has now charge of the Government Gardens at Washington City.—Rub off all unnecessary buds that grow in a tree—and remove as they appear. This keeps the tree clean, and the growth in the proper channels. It is easily done.

### CLIPPING RASPBERRY CANES.

Now is the time to do it, if it has been neglected. Clip down to two and a half or three feet. Take a sharp, long-bladed knife, or sickle, and hack off the ends: it can be done very rapidly, and is but play-work. The canes will assume an upright position, or at least keep clear of the ground, which will not be the case if left to grow. They will bear all the better for the pruning.

### IMPORTANCE OF MULCHING.

The best mulch is a mellow top-soil—that is, for a general mulch. But if you wish specially to favor, for instance, a tree, you want the whitest, finest cut straw. This will prevent the rays of the sun from operating on the mulch (being white), and hence keep the ground comparatively cool, and therefore moist. On account of its color, tan-bark is not so good as straw or saw-dust. Color has an important bearing upon soil. It is for this reason that black ground is so much better for corn (which requires heat) than any other soil.—Where heat is required, as in early spring, mulch with black soil, or, better, soot. (Soot is especially good as a covering for radish beds.) Grape vines may be benefitted in this way, and almost any vegetable.

When the great heat arrives, out with the black mulch, and in with a white one. Cut your whitest, nicest straw for your strawberries. Cover the whole ground till up to the hills, so that the strawberries can lay their heads upon it. This will be a most delightful contrast; and everything will be as clean as a pink, and thrive by this protection beyond account. But give the straw a drink occasionally—a good one when you give it—and through its little pipes it will feed its berry, the straw-berry.

A white mulch, then, in a great heat; and a black in a little heat. These are the principles; these are the successes. Look wherever you will, and you will find this experience hold good.

The West needs mulching—the prairies especially. Mulch is the great blanket that keeps the sun off. It must be used; it will be; and the sooner, the better. All orchards require it; all shrubs; all gardens and grape vines. Use it wherever it can be used. For grain, use the top-soil, by making it mellow.

Mignonette sown now, will bloom finely during the fall months.

The moon has an influence only on the moon-struck.

### TRIMMING HEDGES.

Those of our readers who have hedges, should lose no time in shortening them in. The reason that we have so many poor hedges is, that we neglect to prune them. The *Machura*, or Osage Orange, is a tree from Texas, where it is native. To make a hedge of the plants, they must be constantly top-pruned. They must be kept in the bush form, instead of being permitted to grow into trees. They should be kept cut back from the first of June. By cutting off the top, laterals are thrown out. With a sickle or corn-knife, they can be pruned while the wood is in a soft and succulent state.

Fencing is every year becoming more expensive. Hedging must be resorted to, and good hedges can be made by careful culture and pruning, as we have demonstrated on our own premises.

### MILDew on GRAPeS around CINCINNATI.

The *Ohio Farmer* has the following:

"The mildew has again begun its work on grapes around Cincinnati—commencing this year about two weeks earlier than it did last. On Saturday, the 10th, the question was brought before the Cincinnati Horticultural Society.

Dr. Warder said that it had already appeared to an alarming extent. It began in the lower situations, and had, by Saturday, climbed to the highest and best ventilated. In his vineyard he expected no grapes.

In discussing the question, under-drainage as a preventive was considered—members stating that where there is the best drainage, the mildew appears this year to be as destructive as elsewhere. Neither did it seem to make any difference whether the soil was a compact, tenacious clay, or of a more porous character: the mildew, this season, did not seem to respect any circumstances hitherto thought to be favorable.

Dr. Warder mentioned the fact that, on vines in Mr. Mottier's vineyard, growing within two feet of the brink of the terrace, where the stone wall in front was eight feet high, the disease was alarming. Several members have vines trained upon the walls of buildings, on which the rot had not yet appeared, while Mr. McWilliams stated that this situation seemed to make no difference with his vines.

Mr. Sanford suggested that grapes growing near a stone wall laid in lime mortar and trained upon the walls of buildings, were probably the most likely to escape the mildew. As to this, no definite facts were elicited.

The rot appeared last year about the middle of June; this season, it began its ravages before the 7th of the month. It was never before known to appear so early in the season.

The members seemed to be considerably discouraged. Mr. Houston declared that the culture of the Catawba had not paid for fifteen years, taking the whole period together. Dr. Warder concurred, and Mr. Sanford thought that, taking the past ten years together, it had not more than paid expenses. He suggested, however, that the Delaware variety appeared to promise well, and that it might not be wise to think about abandoning grape culture altogether. Mr. McWilliams said, that even the Catawba did not mildew for some years after its culture commenced in that locality."

### Treatment of Orchard Ground.

There must be no water in an orchard soil.—If moist, it must be thoroughly and deeply drained. This is absolute.

The ground should be as porous and mellow as possible; even if leachy somewhat, no harm is done.

It is well to stir the ground lively the first few years after the orchard is set. Experience has proved that hoed crops are excellent. After that, clover, or grass, or grain may be grown, especially if the soil is rich—but more especially if deep rich.

Clover is probably better than anything that can be put in an orchard, as it is known that the long roots carry manurial substance to the under-soil, and the stem shades the ground.

A heavy sod, however, should not be permitted, as it prevents the free access of air to the ground, which, in the case of deeply penetrating roots, as of trees, needs all the air it can get. Plow, therefore, every third or fourth year, and re-seed to clover.

### HOW TO HAVE CLEAN GARDENS.

First, hoe early. Weeds, when first up, are very tender; but when large, many will live unless buried; but if buried when fresh, will decay before another hoeing becomes necessary. Continue the hoeing through the season, or as long as weeds grow. A few weeds allowed to go to seed will stock a large garden. Purslane in particular, one of our most troublesome garden weeds, has a multitude of seed, and ripens it while the capsules are green, and many a corn-field has been stocked with it by manure from the hog-yard.

Second, put no yard manure on the garden that has not been thoroughly fermented. Hen manure, guano, phosphate of lime, ground bone and wood to mix intimately with the contents of the privy a sufficient quantity of some suitable absorbent, such as coalashes, clay, swamp muck or charcoal ashes, are all good—but poudrette is better than either of them singly, and every family should manufacture their own. Nothing more is necessary than dust, which should be dry, and improved by the addition of gypsum. To facilitate the operation, I have constructed my privy, that whenever a lid is closed a given quantity of absorbent is deposited underneath, and besides answering the purpose intended, it operates as a disinfectant, allaying the unpleasant odor of the premises to such a degree, as in my opinion, to pay for all the trouble and expense, if that alone were the object.—[Country Gentleman.]

**EFFECT OF FAST AND SLOW GROWTH.**—Where flavor is wished to be improved, grow slowly; this will concentrate the substance of the fruit. Hence, the improvement in fruit. Drouth has the same effect. It is therefore, that a load of hay or grain, grown in this way, is heavier and more nutritious than when grown more rapidly, and hence more coarse and light. Vegetables should always be grown as rapidly as possible. Put all the force upon them you can: use concentrated manures, and water well.

### TO DESTROY INSECTS.

If caterpillars are attacking trees, remove and burn the eggs, or thoroughly soap the trees to prevent their being laid; or hang bottles of sweetened water about the trees to entrap and destroy the perfect moth.

If borers are in the trunk or branches, soap the bark, (soft-soap, made cold, is perhaps the best preparation, and if mingled with a strong decoction of tobacco, it will not be less effective.) Dig out the borers with knife or gouge, or pour boiling water or petroleum into their holes, making sure that it reaches the insect.

If insects are on the leaves or fruit, syringe the trees with any of the preparations previously recommended—soap-suds, tobacco water, &c. Jar them frequently, giving the pigs and poultry a chance to pick up and devour those which fall. Hang pieces of cloth, or paper, dipped in kerosene, in the branches, renewing them every few days.

For insects upon roots and bulbs, sprinkle petroleum along the rows, or water them with strong soap-suds; for onions, mingle common soot, or pyroligneous acid with the solution.

For squash and cucumber vines, etc., scatter paper-rags, saw-dust, or other absorbent materials, soaked in kerosene, about the hills; sprinkle the leaves with road-dust, air-slacked lime, ashes or powdered herbs known to be offensive to the insects. The Persian insect powder, which has proved quite useful of late years, is composed of the pulverized leaves and blossoms of a species of feverfew, the *Pyrethrum carneum*, closely allied to the common chamomile. It would be really worthy of experiment to collect, dry and powder the flowers of our common ox-eye daisy, or white weed, so common through the country, and ascertain the effect upon insects and slugs which attack our broad-leaved plants, as well as upon the moths which infest furs and woolen cloths.

Chloride of lime, freely scattered upon the ground among growing vegetables, gives off a gas which is extremely noxious to most insects, without injuring the plants. Coal tar is also quite serviceable in some cases.

For field crops, the most feasible plan is, by rotation, to starve out the destructive millions that prey upon one variety, devoting the land to some other crop for two seasons before re-

turning to the original one. Small fields of wheat, rye, or oats, may sometimes be saved from immediate injury, by building a line of fires on the windward side, and burning scraps of leather, wet straw, and such substances as emit a thick, offensive smoke. Two persons, on opposite sides, with a cord reaching across the field, have swept off and destroyed some insects, by drawing the tightened cord across the heads of grain.—[F. G. Sanborn's lecture before the Mass. State Board of Agriculture.]

[Our readers are warned to let Petroleum alone: it should not be used about fruit trees. The other suggestions in the article are good.—Ed. R. W.]

### WATERING PLANTS.

We warn our readers in time to prepare for the drouth that is expected to follow. Be ready so that you can apply water to your garden—and, when you water, do it thoroughly—drench, let it be a long shower. It takes a good rain to fully benefit the ground in a drouth; and so it is with that other rain, the application by hand. Water once thoroughly, and let go for a week or less if you have the time to apply it. The earth is a great drinker in the heat and drouth of summer. He that will not water and stir his soil, is not fit to have a crop. Give the plants a drink, as you would your horses, or yourself: they are part of the household, and help to support it. Water the latter part of the day, so as to prevent baking by the sun.

We clip the following from the *Rural New Yorker*:

"While traveling in Ohio, last summer, during the exceedingly dry season, I noticed, in a friend's garden, a contrivance for watering plants, which struck me as being the best that has yet come to my knowledge.

"It was nothing more than the principle of capillary attraction applied to moistening the earth around cucumber vines. A vessel containing water, was placed near the plants, from which extended a piece of old cloth to the roots of the plant. Thus water was conveyed from the vessel to the plant slowly, keeping the ground constantly in a good degree of moisture. One vessel answered for several hills. This method I think much superior to pouring on water, which generally flows off and hardens the ground, sometimes injuring the plant more than if it had received no water at all.

"I also saw in another garden a method, equally good in practical operation. A barrel with both heads out, was set in the ground half-way, and partly filled with manure. Around the outside of the barrel the cucumbers were planted. All watering was done through the barrel and the manure. The water reaches the roots from beneath, and kept the soil moist and rich. In both methods the plants were more thrifty than those treated in the common way."

### THE WEATHER AND CROPS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Wheat crop here (Dundee, Mo., June 26,) only middling, with considerable red rust; harvest is beginning. Oats look well; also corn, clover and grass. The tobacco worm is at work, and fly numerous. S. S. B.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Our prospects for the present crops of all our grain and hay is very good now. Our wheat harvest will commence this week. I think some of it is injured—some with rust. Fruit of all kinds will be scarce in this neighborhood. Cherries not enough for the birds. A. S. ARNOLD, Litchfield, Ill. June 20.

ED. RURAL WORLD: The fruit crop here (Stockland, Montgomery Co., Mo., June 15,) the present season, will not be more than half a yield. The insect tribe are making fearful havoc among our fruit and fruit trees. We have some which I never saw before. Some sort of worm is literally stripping the leaves off my young trees in the nursery. Grape vines doing well. We are about through planting corn, which came up well. Oats good. We need rain for the oats and meadows. Chinch bug has appeared on the prairies, and should it continue dry, they will worst us. F. J. S.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Our crops in this section (Gentryville, Mo., June 9th, 1865,) look very promising. Wheat, corn and oats are extra fine for the season. Our fruit is nearly all blasted and injured by a small worm that eats into the apple and plum. C. D. MOTHERSEAD.

Roses may be both layered and budded now.



[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

### LIFE AND DEATH.

BY MISS EMELINE CLARK.

Life is partial: some are happy,  
Watching all its varied show;  
Others very weary, crying—  
Keeper Time, oh, let me go!  
Over some the falling sunshine  
Chases every thought of gloom;  
While o'er others, only shadows  
From the cradle to the tomb.  
Death at last makes all things equal—  
Heart of grief, and heart of joy—  
And God's tender, faithful Angel,  
Never rests from his employ.

So the spring, at each returning,  
Finds more graves to carpet o'er  
With her tender flowers and grasses  
Than she found the year before.

In her next perhaps may cover  
Mine, like some lamenting friend:  
This I know, that soon or late,  
Life in Death will surely end.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

### A STROLL.

There is a charm in all the months—but give us October, the sober. That is the month of the year—the picture month—the sober month the month sad, but not dreary, as November or December. These have their pleasures, but they are indoor. October invites us out-door. It is mild, with a mild sun, and a mild moon, and mild air—and oh how sad in the forest, towards its close, when, ankle deep, we walk in the leaves—when the brooks are so bright, as if rarified for the occasion; and the few flowers are the saddest things of all! The sun is retiring towards the south; it is leaving us to winter, and October reminds us of it.

On such a time we went forth, cousin and we. He was a youth of seventeen; tall; somewhat stooped, for he was a student. He said little, but his fine, pale face was the leading object of interest among the attractions.

The great State of New York has a multitude of leaves. These were all in color, and of all varieties. As we followed the fine brook through a winding ravine, the surrounding shrubbery opened upon us. It seemed unparalleled, miraculous. Then the thought that the large extent of territory, the entire latitude, was like this. Here was a *world* of picturesque beauty—in the uninhabited forest, unseen, wasted. We were in the midst of it. The brook almost silently chanted it. You could see the great trout in its deepest depths, sometimes swaying to the surface; having lost their shyness, for this is their spawning time. You could see them in numbers plowing the sand to deposit their spawn. Sometimes they would start at our approach, but soon return again, male and female. You can tell a male by his sharper snout. The female is more rounded, larger and handsomer. Food is disregarded by them now. The spawning is the starving time with them, and leaves them unfit for the table.—Hence, the State of New York has a law forbidding trout-catching from Sept. to March. This invisible agent is now protecting these busy ones—busy at housekeeping.

In summer, the brook is a mirror for green leaves; now it is gold, and a curious sight, with now and then a real leaf floating over the picture.

We left this gold, with the brook and its ravine, and turned over a mat of grass, through a field, that led to our destination—I say destination; it was an idle jaunt without object. But we reached our friends just in time for dinner. The company had long since gathered. It was a sort of "merry-making," though not of the old stamp—huskings, quiltings, &c., have long since ceased, and this was in lieu of what had been. But it was pleasant to see the cheerful faces of your friends, warm hearts and human

eyes, after being used to dead nature and staring trout eyes. Here were other tints (of the cheek) and hues (of the eyes), perennial lines—in a few, perennial autumn—spring in others—one, the personification of winter, the respected of all. And to see the "buds" of ten and thirteen surrounding the white locks—oh! the contrast! Chattering gaiety, and silence—already affected by the calm of the grave! Then came the fragrance of old Java, which is the poetry of your meal; and the odor of fried ham—this is prose. And as it is in the literary, so, we suppose, it is in the gastronomic department; people prefer the prose. But prose is valued for its preservative qualities; so is ham. This particular ham must have been stamped with immortality, for it retained all its pristine sweetness and freshness. And why? It was embalmed in—lard. Here is the host's recipe: Cut your ham into slices, and pack snugly, layer on layer, in a vessel; then spread over a coat of lard. The superior quality of the cake called out this recipe: 2½ cups flour; 1½ cups sugar; 1 cup sweet milk; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon soda; 2 teaspoons cream tartar; a little nutmeg. Carry out accurately.

The coffee was not so good as we can make it; for we do not boil half an hour, as was here done, filling the rooms with the best part, and leaving the dregs to the coffee-pot. Here is our receipt for coffee, tried and re-tried: Roast 15 minutes—a chestnut color. (The longer kept in a tight vessel thereafter, the better—in this respect like wine.) Grind fine as you can get it; mix in enough of the white of an egg to form a crumpling consistency—(let it be crumpling or moist; it should not be pasty.) Boil five minutes, or less if ground very fine. Pour out; sweeten with white sugar and cream; let stand several minutes, stirring the sugar occasionally. When drank immediately after mixing, each ingredient may be tasted. If left standing, these will unite, and the result will be a cup of coffee, and nothing else—a united whole; no "slops;" but a delicate dish (if you have a good—white, small, fresh bean,) so exquisite, you are sensitively inclined to handle it carefully, as one would nectar—for this is nectar from the tropical, aromatic, luxuriant East.

We luxuriated in all this; and life had a zest which knew nothing of the evils that checker it. We were children and youths, living the old traditional time over again. And all unexpectedly, as is the case with happiness. The morning promised no such thing—to us twain at least.

Then were heard prancing hoofs on the walk, and a pair of silver greys appeared before the door. All was hurry now—only among a part, the youthful part, the "buds" that had been dangling the locks of winter. The locks also started up—not at the prancing feet—but that they had been left alone, deserted by what seemed their own youth, the ringlets. The rest of the company sighed, unconsciously, and slowly prepared for a necessity, not as once, a pleasure. They were leaving their pleasure—of reminiscence—the same that they saw before them so agile, so hurrying to the same moorings.

There was an abundance of furred robes (already, in October!); the seats were most inviting. My pale friend somehow also became agile; and there was a handsome mixture of red cheek and pale face, the paler for the black coat and the student's black cap. Again we are in the midst of October's best, whirled along, like a moving panorama. How unlike our going and coming. And yet, shall we give the preference to the trout, the leaves, the brook, or even the flowers pining away lonely? Shall we sacrifice this warmth, and heartiness, and human intercourse, to the dead company of matter? Not so thought the youth; though an occasional glance aside, where dark evergreens made a contrast with the gold, could not be resisted by the student.

It was a merry ride, yet to one a saddened one—not painful, but the sadder for the merriment which could so forget the scene that foretold the end of the year, and the decay of life. But a check was given; there was silence for a moment; an aged man, stooping, with white locks, was standing in the wood, stricken, it seemed, with thought of the season. He was standing, as if one of the trees; but he could

not straighten his form like them. Here was decay indeed—"with a vengeance," as the student afterward said, when I recalled the incident. But it was out of place for the aged man; it was like stepping into the grave—as if he would hasten the time—die in advance. It might have been accident that brought him there: I learned afterward it was. A few rods farther, ere the company had regained its hilarity, we met (strangely enough) a child in the midst of the leaves—a fair little girl of three years, with ringlets as yellow as the leaves, and playing with them. Near by was a party gathering grapes, some gathering nuts. "Tennyson," spoke the student. I knew he had reference to the fashionable poet's "dangling the grapes," so I said "Wordsworth," having reference to the other party. "Yes, he is master here," said the youth, at which inquiring eyes were turned upon the student, for they understood not his allusion to the great Lake poet. On our arrival at home, he read from both poets. Some preferred Wordsworth, some Tennyson. One said she preferred the *real* grapes to all the descriptions. She was gratified, and paid back the student with a fine rose (on her cheek). Then we were called upon to read. We read this extract, from Rogers:

Two months ago,  
When on a vineyard hill we lay concealed  
And scattered up and down as we were wont,  
I heard a damsel singing to herself,  
And soon espied her, coming all alone,  
In her first beauty. Up a path she came,  
Leafy and intricate, singing her song,  
A song of love, by snatches; breaking off  
If but a flower, an insect in the sun,  
Pleased for an instant; then as carelessly  
The strain resuming, and, where'er she stopp'd,  
Rising on tiptoe underneath the boughs  
To pluck a grape in very wantonness.  
Her look, her mien, and maiden ornaments,  
Showed gentle birth; and, step by step, she came,  
Nearer and nearer to the dreadful snare.  
None else were by; and as I gazed unseen,  
Her youth, her innocence and gaiety  
Went to my heart; and, starting up, I cried:  
"Fly—for your life!" Alas, she shrieked, she fell!  
And as I caught her falling, all rushed forth.  
A wood-nymph!" said Rosconi. "By the light,  
Lovely as Hebe! Lay her in the shade."  
I heard him not. I stood as in a trance.  
"What!" he exclaimed with a malicious smile,  
"Wouldst thou rebel?" I did as he required.  
"Now bear her hence to the well-head below;  
A few cold drops will animate this marble.  
Go! 'tis an office all will envy thee;  
But thou hast earned it."

As I staggered down,  
Unwilling to surrender her sweet body;  
Her golden hair dishevelled on a neck  
Of snow, and her fair eyes closed as in sleep.  
Frantic with love, with hate, "Great God!" I cried  
(I had almost forgotten how to pray)—  
"Why may I not, while yet—while yet I can,  
Release her from a thralldom worse than death?"  
Twas done as soon as said. I kissed her brow  
And smote her with my dagger. A short cry  
She uttered, but she stirred not; and to heaven  
Her gentle spirit fled. "Twas where the path  
In its descent turned suddenly. No eye  
Observed me, though their steps were following fast.  
But soon a yell broke forth, and all, at once,  
Levelled their deadly aim. Then I had ceased  
To trouble, or be troubled, and had now  
(Would I were there!) been slumbering in my grave,  
Had not Rosconi with a terrible shout  
Thrown himself in between us, and exclaimed,  
Grasping my arm, "Tis bravely, nobly done!  
Is it for deeds like these thou wear'st a sword?  
Was this the business that thou camest upon?  
But 'tis his first offence, and let it pass.  
Like the young tiger, he has tasted blood,  
And may do much hereafter. He can strike  
Home to the hilt!"

"Hold! that will do," says pert Twenty. "Do they do so in Italy?" says sweet Thirteen, thankful for such (home) October, as she looked forth from the window, dashed and frightened—for all eyes were turned on the young speaker. Frosty October was preferred to sunny Italy.

This was the jaunt of the day, and it occupied the day. In the evening there was other occupation, by candlelight. And yet a "stroll" (No. 2) by the student and a mysteriously hooded one at his side, afterward, was, he declared, one of the novelties which exceeded the day-visions, and which was a real novelty, as the moon (always charged with the debit) revealed a scene of gold and mysterious uncertainty, which, with the mild airs (or something

else) that whispered, gave him a new October sense.

All this was years ago. Those "whisperings" are still continued—though now become audible—and the moonlight into sunlight; in a word, it is "all day" with the student, and all attributable to what seemed a very innocent and trivial thing—a day's jaunt—which itself now is fast becoming an important "remembrance"—as the student had it—for old fellows to be thinking of while others are enacting. F.G.

### A Point or Two About Dyspepsia.

The dyspeptic is often disengaged because all treatment seems to fail—not immediately after being tried always, for sometimes there seems to be a cure, or at least an alleviation. The truth is, we should not be encouraged by this, nor discouraged by that. For this difference of feeling is not owing to the medicine or treatment; neither is the ill-feeling owing to transgression. The great trouble is—dyspepsia is a complaint that has just such changes in it—this is its nature. Hence, we are apt to attribute this good spell to this or that medicine or treatment, and this bad state to some inaccuracy in diet or living. Be as regular as you please, and these changes of exhilaration and depression will take place. They grow out of the state of the nerves: it is one of the nervous symptoms. The nerves are weak, deranged; and this is not for a day or a week, but apparently permanently: it is a chronic condition—and it takes time to cure it. This is the only thing—TIME to cure it. This is the nature of dyspepsia. It is a long time in coming, and a long time, at best, in going. Hence, the patient must have patience. This should not be a view of discouragement: it should rather encourage, as it will account for this getting better and worse. Perseverance in the known, sure remedies, is the thing. If you get down, away in the sulks—be not discouraged: the nerves have then a freak, the weather sometimes also influencing them, thus aggravating the evil. Then there are palmy days, when the person seems cured. He makes up his mind to this, and often acts accordingly. Now he is going to do this or that in the world—and he is a happy, jubilant man. Perhaps the very same day he is down again—in despair, perhaps. Then where are all his fine hopes? This is dyspepsia. Great exhilaration must be followed by great depression. For this exhilaration is a stimulant, caused by something known or occult.

As the patient progresses (slow as it is known only by lapses of time,) this height of exhilaration diminishes, and with it the despair; the general health is better. By this we know that a cure is being wrought. But it takes time: and this we wish distinctly to be remembered. Chronic dyspepsia cannot possibly be cured speedily. We must have patience in our distress. We must follow the rules which any physician will lay down for us, which have frequently been mentioned, and which all medical writers have stereotyped.

We have penned this article expressly to point out the tenacity with which dyspepsia holds out; and that the changes which are experienced, from good to bad, and from bad to good, are a characteristic of the disease. Although this is known, it is not generally considered; and even if considered, the dyspeptic is so easily discouraged. Perseverance, then, through thick and thin, is what is needed—Stick to the known rules, even if they seem to do no good: they are all the while slowly, but surely working a cure. Do not remit your attentions to diet, exercise, and regimen in general. Avoid novelties, nostrums "that have cured" this, that, and the other one. Stick to your regular course. In doing so, you will be sure to be cured: if not, not.

**A KIND OF ENJOYMENT.**—We often find our enjoyment of a thing, in anticipation. People will say, do not anticipate. We cannot agree to this. If we anticipate a thing with pleasure, that pleasure we are sure of. We are seldom sure of the happiness "in store" for us. Thus Hope is apostrophized, because it enjoys anticipation. It is, perhaps, man's best angel, always avoiding participation, save in anticipation.

**A CURE FOR WARTS AND CORNS.**—The bark of the willow tree burnt to ashes applied to the parts will remove all corns or excrescences on any part of the body.—[Ex.]

## PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

This young poet died fifteen years ago, at the age of thirty-four. He was a native of Berkley county, Virginia. He began writing verses while quite young, and continued his favorite amusement (which he made poetry rather than a business, his vocation being a lawyer,) up to his death. Philip Pendleton Cooke was a born poet. He seldom wrote anything that did not contain sparks of true poetic feeling, of the tender and the playful, rather than the more vigorous and lofty. In his Poem to the Froissart Ballads, he says some of the finest things about his Emily. Such stanzas as the following appear in his poem on Autumn:

What a brave splendor  
Is in the October air! How rich and clear,  
And bracing, and all-joyous! We must render  
Love to the spring-time, with sproutings tender,

As to a child quite dear;  
But autumn is a thing of perfect glory,

A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods,  
In this good season of the liberal year;  
I love to seek their leafy solitudes,  
And give myself to melancholy moods,

With no intruder near,  
And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder  
In every natural wonder.

Mr. Cooke never descends to the depths, nor rises to the heights, of poetry. But he gathers the flowers as he finds them in his path, and does it with a love and appreciation, that makes us love him as well as the flowers. Sometimes he emerges into passion; and there he appears with a stronger wing than when flitting among his posies. His Florence Vane is an example of this. It is, however, not so generally known as it seems to deserve. Many of the readers of the *Rural* will see it here for the first time.

## FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,

Florence Vane;  
My life's bright dream and early,

Hath come again;

I renew, in my fond vision,

My heart's dear pain,

My hopes, and thy derision,

Florence Vane.

The rain, lone and hoary,

The rain old,

Where thou didst bark my story,

At even told—

That spot—the hues Elysian

Of sky and plain—

I treasure in my vision,

Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses

In their prime;

Thy voice excelled the closes

Of sweetest rhyme;

Thy heart was as a river

Without a main.

Would I had loved thee never,

Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!

Thy glorious clay

Lieth the green sod under—

Alas, the day!

And it boots not to remember

Thy disdain—

To quicken love's pale ember,

Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley

By young graves weep;

The daisies love to dally

Where maiden's sleep;

May their bloom, in beauty waning,

Never wane.

Where thine earthly part is lying,

Florence Vane!

We think children are happy, and refer to them, and to our childhood days. But they are not happier than we. They have trouble enough. It is *Time* that is the great deceiver in the case; we are looking through its mellow glass. It is a deception—a poetic deception—a charming one—but nevertheless a deception.

Money is its value—not the base metal: only base minds are attracted by the base part.

CALCULATING ON HAPPINESS.—It is well enough to make one comfortable; it is better to be contented; it is best of all not to calculate on being happy, but simply to be comfortable and contented—as happiness is the most freaky thing in the world. You have it, and you have it not. Like a stream of sunshine it breaks in upon you; or it comes to expect it. It is very capricious.

## A ROOM THERMOMETER.

A thermometer should always be considered an indispensable piece of house furniture: but it is not so. We see it only in houses of scientific men, and people of the highest intelligence. These, see the value of it.

"But what value? I won't dispute but it is useful to philosophers, and such like—say, dairymen, for instance. But for the common uses of a family—I don't see the point." This is probably true, that you don't see the point, or you would have a thermometer in your room. The great difficulty with the people of northern latitudes—St. Louis particularly—is the changes of the temperature of the air. In few places in the world, do such colds occur—such rheumatism, influenza, asthma, inflammation, and death in consequence.

The cure is, to avoid these changes—which is being done by suitable clothing, and uniform temperature of rooms. These are artificial appliances. But it is impossible to know the extent of the change, or the real condition of one's room, without a correct test—and this is the thermometer. It may be bought for a trifle in any country store. It is simply to go there, buy it, hang it up in your room, about mid-way between the floor and the ceiling, and neither too near the stove, nor in the farthest corner from it. These things are important, as the air is much warmer at the ceiling than the floor, and much warmer near the stove. Hence get a point that meets the mean temperature. Keep your thermometer at 72°, the sick-room temperature. A few degrees' variation will not affect anything where there is no invalid. We would rather do without a time-piece than a thermometer.

## THE BOY-POET.

The boy stopped when he saw the meadow covered all over with flowers: he knew not what to make of it. To pick here for a bouquet! what a bouquet it would make! And then the birds with their breasts sitting in among them, and in the soft grass, with the blue sky covering all as if it would clasp the whole scene, boy and all. This he saw, now looking at the field, and now at the sky. He forgot the great jewel there, the sun, the creator of this blue sky, and those colored flowers. And yet there it blazed upon him till his eyes were almost dazed with the ineffable light. There he sat, looking also at the water which was flowing like a living thing before him.

What was all this? what did it mean? The first emotions of the boy, which had never before been thrilled, were now touched—and it was a new thing. "What a world is this?" he thought; and a breeze just then touched his forehead and lifted his hair, and the fragrance of the thousand flowers came over him, and the music of the brook and of the birds; the trees of the wood came softening down to the water's edge—and now he saw the great light of the sun filling everything. He arose, not unlike a man, meditating; and thence dated the poet. F.G.

## JUNE.

Flowers, flowers everywhere!

Flinging perfume on the air.

Roses with their crimson light

Gleaming 'mong the lilies white;

Violets with meek blue eyes,

Bright and calm as summer skies;

Bird-songs filling all the air,

And flowers, flowers everywhere.

Weary one, awhile forget

How your path with thorns is set;

Let the bitter thoughts depart

Which have rankled in your heart;

Leave awhile the care and strife,

All the weariness of life—

Is not earth-land very fair,

Bright with flowers everywhere?

Mourn not for the Junes departed,

Let this find you strong, true-hearted;

Look not back thro' falling tears

To the dreams of vanished years;

Sad heart, bury from thy sight

All the Past—its bloom and blight;

Trust the Future to His care,

Who scatters flowers everywhere!

RURAL N. YORKER.

One thing we are careless about—the influence of habit. It comes upon us ere we are aware, and keeps its hold, especially in youth when we are susceptible. How careful then we should be to keep out of the influence of bad habits, which are easily acquired.

## WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

The year 1776 was one of great discouragement to the colonies; defeat had attended the American army in nearly every battle. Washington had been obliged to retreat first from New York to Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, and finally across the Delaware into Pennsylvania. Many had deserted and gone to their homes—but the love of liberty, which animated the heart of their brave commander, never gave way, and we now find him, on Christmas night, executing the bold movement of re-crossing the Delaware, during a season when it was much obstructed with floating ice. The crossing was attended with much difficulty. The object of this movement was to make

a sudden attack upon the British and Hessian troops at Trenton; its success was such as to arouse the despairing hopes of the country, for, on the eventful day that followed, over 1000 Hessians were captured, and a great triumph achieved, which was followed by others.



## HOW TO MAKE APPLE BUTTER.

Place a large brass kettle, well cleaned, over the fire; fill the kettle with new cider in which fermentation has not begun. When it comes to a simmer begin to skim off the scum. As it boils down fill in more cider and skim as before until you have in the quantity you wish to boil. A barrel and a half can be nicely done in what is commonly called a barrel kettle. When the cider is boiled away one-half, or more, dip out six or eight gallons into earthen or stone jars, then fill in for each barrel, or thirty-two gallons of unboiled cider, one and a half bushels of quartered apples, nicely washed and drained.

If the apples are not all put into the kettle at the same time, replace the apples and the cider taken from the kettle as soon as there is space to receive it. Have a slow fire under the kettle while the apples are dissolving to prevent running over. When well dissolved it must be constantly stirred until finished. This is done with an implement made as follows:—Take a piece of soft wood, two feet long, one and one-fourth inches thick, two inches wide at top end, four at the bottom, which should be oval; now have a hole at the top, one and one-fourth inches in diameter, and place a handle into it eight feet long. This will enable the operator to stand away from the fire and yet move it over every part of the bottom of the kettle, and thus prevent its burning. No burning wood should touch the kettle, neither should the blaze rise above the boiling mass. One barrel of cider and one and one-half bushels of quarters boiled down to about ten gallons, can be kept one or more years. For winter use, two bushels of quarters may be used, and less boiling is required. Before taking it from the fire, season with spice, cinnamon, and cloves, to suit the taste. Remove the kettle from the fire, dip the apple-butter, while hot, into well glazed crocks or stone jars, then set away to cool: when cold, cut paper covers for each jar, soak it in whiskey, lay it into the vessel on the apple-butter, and the work is done. Cider made from sour apples, and sweet apples boiled in it makes an excellent dish.

A scrub-headed boy, having been brought up before the Court as a witness, the following colloquy ensued—

"Where do you live?" said the judge.

"I live with mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does your father live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do the old folks live?" said the judge getting very red, as an audible snicker went round the room.

"They live t'home."

"Where the Devil is their home?" asked the judge.

"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek, and closing one eye on the judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable," said the Court, "take the witness out, and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath."

Here the boy opened wide his eyes, with an ill-suppressed twinkle in them: he was a great swearer.

BOOK LEARNING ALONE—will often lose a man his farm. There are "Gentlemen Farmers," who play the gentleman on a farm. These, of course, will go the way of all gentlemen. But there is the true gentleman, who has an eye to business in farming. He will take experience as his guide, and bring in books as an aid. That they should be always, in every hand—an aid.

The wisest of men are sometimes guilty of foolish acts; and most guilty of all are congenital. Congeniality is the thing in marriage.

## DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

TO ROAST LAMB.—The hind quarter of lamb usually weighs from seven to ten pounds; this size will take about two hours to roast; have a brisk fire; it must be very frequently basted while roasting, and sprinkled with a little salt and dredged all over with flour about half an hour before it is done.

NEW POTATOES.—To boil: Procure them of equal size, and, if very young, wash them only; if older, rub off the skins with a scrubbing-brush or coarse cloth; put them into boiling water and let cook till tender; sprinkle a little salt over them; put a lump of butter in; shake up and serve. Time 15 to 20 minutes.

CURRENT CAKE.—Take 2 lbs. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. moist sugar, and rub in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of butter, lard, or dripping; then take 4 eggs, well beaten, a teacupful of milk a little warm, and half a teaspoonful of yeast dissolved in the milk. Mix all together, and put into the oven immediately; two hours will bake it in a quick oven.

PLAIN SODA CAKE.—Take 1 lb. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. moist sugar, and rub in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of butter, lard, or dripping; then take 4 eggs, well beaten, a teacupful of milk a little warm, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Mix all together, and put into the oven immediately; two hours will bake it in a quick oven.

CURRENT WATER ICE.—Pass through a sieve a pint of currants, then add to them 4 ozs. powdered sugar and 1 pint water; strain it and freeze it rich.

REFRESHING SUMMER BEVERAGE.—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. cream tartar, the juice and rind of a lemon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. loaf sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. bruised ginger. Pour on these  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon boiling water; stand till cold, and strain through a hair sieve.

SHERBET.—Boil 2 lbs. sugar in a quart of water. Pare 6 oranges and 2 lemons very thin. Mix together the boiling syrup, the peel of the fruit, the juice, and 5 more pints of water. Clear it with a little white of egg, let it be until cold, strain it and bottle.

TOMATO FRITTERS.—Take 1 quart stewed tomatoes, stir in 1 egg, 1 small teaspoonful of saleratus or soda, and flour enough to make it the consistency of pancakes.

## Bride and Groom A Century Ago.

To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a show of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom were folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a sat-in dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully be-floured, while his queue projected like the skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and tie of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

## Horticultural Meetings.

## Proceedings of the St. Louis Horticultural Society.

SATURDAY, June 10, 1865.  
The Society met. Vice-President Saxton in the chair.

The following fruits were presented:

Dr. H. Claggett, Black Tartarian and Early Richmond cherries, and Black Cap Raspberry.

Wm. F. Coxens, Elton, Early Richmond and White Heart Cherries.

C. C. McClure, Transparent Guigne and Early Richmond cherries; currants, and specimen bunch of the young fruit of the Clinton grape.

President N. J. Colman, having appeared, asked Dr. Edwards to favor the Society with his observations among the horticulturists East, in his late visit.

Dr. Edwards stated that he visited a number of places, taking Washington City, Philadelphia and New York in his route; but he would only speak of a few places that he visited, as what he there saw comprehended all the horticultural information he gathered on his trip. Spent three days with Charles Downing, at Newburgh, N.Y. As to strawberry culture, either from our avariciousness, negligence or ignorance, it is a burlesque on the word cultivation—the attention we give them. Downing, Carpenter, Miller and Knox—in fact, every cultivator of this delicious fruit, that I saw—mulch generally with straw in the fall, which they leave to rot on the beds, and cultivate by hand weeding entirely clean. They all agree in keeping down the runners of their fruiting plants. This gives a large increase in quantity and improvement of quality to the fruit. Three good crops are expected of beds—with or after the fourth crop the yield rapidly decreases. They plant fifteen inches apart in the row and two feet between the rows. The principal variety he saw in the market was Wilson's Albany, the later varieties not being ripe.

Mr. Carpenter thinks the Agriculturist will supersede most, if not all other, varieties that ripen in its season. Some other varieties have considerable reputation. Messrs. Knox and Miller spoke highly of the Golden Seedling Jocunda, and Canada May which is a delicious berry. The Triomphe de Gant, under Knox's system of cultivation, bears a full crop of large handsome and most delicious fruit. The most profitable bearer I ever saw is Knox's No. 700, which he thinks is an accidental seedling, but which others think is the same as the Jocunda. Mr. Knox has not sent it out on account of its uncertainty; but he has selected the most expert pomologists of the nation as a committee, who are to meet on the 15th of this month to decide the question.

Spent three days with Samuel Miller, of Calmdale, Lebanon County, Pa.; drank with him the last bottle of his Taylor wine, and consider it to stand at the head of the list of native wines, though he drank good Delaware with Mr. Knox, at Pittsburgh. Miller thinks the Taylor as prolific as any other variety. It requires poor soil and but little pruning. He cannot imagine why it should fail with us in the West, unless we put it on too rich soil and prune it too much. Mr. Knox cultivates the Concord principally as the best market variety. He propagates Norton's Virginia from single eyes, and finds no more difficulty with it than with any other variety.

On motion, "The varieties, culture and propagation of cherries," was adopted as the subject for discussion at the next meeting. Society then adjourned.

JOHN H. TICE, Recording Secretary.

## Alton Horticultural Society.

SATURDAY, June 3, '65.

Society met at the residence of E. A. Riehl, Esq. Mr. President being absent, J. E. Starr took the chair.

Committee reported the following flowers and bouquets: from Mrs. D. E. Brown, containing corn flowers, white lilacs, sage blossoms, blossoms of chives, pinks, wax flowers, French camellias, bluish rose, pink roses, old man; seven varieties of roses from Rev. Mr. Johnson; two varieties of peonies, some very beautiful roses and amorphia fruticosa from Mr. F. Starr; fine collection of roses from Mr. Miller; bouquet from Mrs. H. G. McPike, containing La Reine (bud), Baltimore Belle, the Black Aurore (very choice), Privet Heart's Ease, Sweet William, Columbine, Syringa, Roses, Ivaline, Harriet Mad, Lamovise (velvet and Persian yellow), Cedar, Scotch Pine, Arbor Vitæ.

Respectfully, Mrs. JANE HUILL.

Mr. Kendall being called upon to present his experience in growing and fruiting the pear, said he had 4,500 trees, both dwarf and standard; some highly manured, some not; used also sand and ashes. They do as well without either. He sub-soils with two plows, 18 inches deep; trees manured twice more blight. His trees, six years old, are on clay soil—dwarfs have more blight than standard; gives preference to Bartlett. He cuts back his young trees; blight about one or two per cent; large portion of the fruit killed this year by the late frost. Of trees on a mound and northern slope, he lost many more than on a southern slope. He much prefers the latter.

Mr. Curtis had but little blight.

Mr. Schweppe's experience favored poor soil for the pear.

Dr. Long stated Dr. Humbert had cut away whole tops of trees blighting, and had now fine, healthy tops.

Dr. Hull had been perfectly successful by root pruning and arresting the period of growth; such trees had no blight and were full of fruit, while others not so treated had blight and dropped fruit. His trees are six years old. He does his root pruning in Aug., digging a trench down to lateral roots, a circle around the tree of three feet diameter or thereabouts, two feet deep, cutting the sides roots all off. With such treatment, you can feed your trees well—they should be well manured. This is not only applicable to the pear, but to all fruits. For the grapes it should be done about June 1st; and here the Doctor remarked, that, to produce early and large grapes on fruiting vines which are to be cut away the following year, you should cut a band of 1 or 1/2 inch around the vine, taking off the bark—this forces the vine to maturity. In regard to the pear, he said, after root pruning, you should not fill the trench for a month after.

The Committee on Wine reported:

A sample of currant wine by W. T. Miller, very clear and bright, made by himself, in the following

manner: To one gallon of juice, add two gallons of water, and four pounds of white sugar to each gallon of the mixture; set in casks in a cool cellar, loosely bunged until fermentation ceases. It still remains in the same casks. It is a very fine article of this kind of wine, and very palatable, as was proven by the rapidity with which it disappeared. A portion of your committee, however, think that it might be improved by a less addition of water and sugar.

A sample of winter grape wine, by F. Hewitt, Esq. of Upper Alton, which, like the first-named variety, found a ready market, but which was too sweet. In making wine from grapes, it is generally thought desirable to have about 20 per cent. of sugar in the must, giving, after fermentation, about 9 per cent. of alcohol in the wine. By adding more sugar, we either increase the amount of alcohol more than is desirable, or else (and this especially in small quantities) we hinder fermentation entirely, making only a sweet cordial instead of wine. J. M. PEASON, Ch.

The following notes were taken of grape bloom:

Dr. Hull	Concord	May 21.
J. E. Starr	do	do 27.
H. G. McPike	do	do 23.
Dr. Hull	Delaware	do 31.
J. E. Starr	do	do 25.
H. G. McPike	do	do 25.
Dr. Hull	Catawba	do 28.
J. E. Starr	do	do 28.
H. G. McPike	do	do 26.
Mr. Curtis	do	do 30.
W. T. Miller	do	do 30.
Dr. Hull	Clinton	do 21.
H. G. McPike	do	do 20.
Dr. Hull	Harford Prolific	do 23.
J. E. Starr	do	do 23.
H. G. McPike	do	do 23.

On motion, the Society pledged itself to carry into effect the late State law to Protect Fruit, as follows:

## AN ACT FOR THE PROTECTION OF FRUIT GROWING.

Section 1.—Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, in the General Assembly, That if any person or persons shall hereafter enter the inclosure of any person, without leave or license of such owner, and pick, destroy or carry away any part or portion of the fruit of any apple, pear, peach, plum, or other fruit tree or bush, such person or persons shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, may be fined in any sum not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars, and may be imprisoned in the county jail for any period of time not exceeding twenty days. The penalties incurred by a violation of this act, may be enforced by indictment in any court having jurisdiction of misdemeanors in the county where the offence is committed, or the fine may be recovered in an action of debt before any Justice of the Peace of such county.

Approved, Feb. 16, 1865.

Committee reported on Mr. Riehl's grounds, as follows:

Mr. R. has 160 acres on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi river, 5 miles above Alton, purchased Aug. 12, 1863, then without improvement. We find 35 acres cleared and fenced, part bluff and part second bottom; 50 pear trees, 20 cherry, 8,000 strawberry, 2,000 St. Louis raspberry, 4,100 grape, 200 black cap raspberry, 300 peach, 60 apple trees. He has planted 35,000 sweet potato plants, about 1/2 acre tomatoes. Makes hot beds by building fires at one end and passing heat underneath.

Fruit Committee reported on exhibition:

## STRAWBERRIES.

By E. A. Riehl—Wilson Albany, very fine and large. Magnificent specimens of Triomphe de Gant and Tropaeolum Victoria, showing such skill and labor as to merit special mention. Jenny Lind fair size and fine flavor, good for table; and Baltimore Scarlet.

S. B. Johnson—Wilson Albany.

H. N. Kendall—Triomphe de Gant, Moyamensing—very desirable fruit, of fine flavor; McAvoy's Superior and Neck Pine.

Mr. Day—Wilson's Albany, fine.

Dr. Hull—Warner's Seedling and Wilson's Seedling.

## CHERRIES.

Dr. Hull—Gov. Wood, Belle de Choisey, Elton, Arden, White Heart, Yellow Spanish, Cleveland Biggarreau, Rockport Biggarreau, Early Richmond, Baumann's May, Black Tartarian, Knight's Early Black, Black Biggarreau, Gridley, Black Eagle, May Duke.

J. W. Stewart, Alton—May Duke, good specimens.

W. T. Miller—A bush presented as Black Tartarian, but considered by the committee as incorrect—yield very fine. Red Dutch Currant, very abundant yield.

A. & F. Starr—Black Tartarian, Gov. Wood, May Duke, Elton, Black Heart, Elk Horn, Early Richmond, Yellow Spanish, and several other varieties not yet mature.

J. E. Starr—Whitesmith gooseberry, very fine in size, not yet in season.

Adjourned to meet at the residence of D. E. Brown, Esq., 43 miles from Alton, on the Grafton road, July 7, 1865.

H. G. MCPIKE.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

## RURAL CEMETERIES.

## NUMBER III.

"The hour is come, but where the man?"

There is no need of recrimination on the subject of past neglect, no one will deny its importance, and we cannot act too early or too earnestly.

The well-laid out cemetery will form a pleasing adjunct to the young village or town. It will form an attraction and centre of interest—in fact, become an "institution" in the country. It will assist the more full development of a desire, so visibly wanting in society, for greater permanence of home. It will remove the seeming rudeness of our surroundings, and give an air of civilization and repose to our social scenery. It will command the attention of strangers seeking new locations in our State; will appeal to their social feelings, and do much to remove the sense of roughness and isolation so much felt in coming from the older and more thickly settled States.

It will alike be the interest of our private citizens, our philanthropists, our patriots, our land-owners, our real estate agents, our surveyors, our speculators, to provide for every town, village and hamlet, its cemetery.

Let our clergymen take up the matter. "The House appointed for all Living" is the vestibule that leads us from the Church below to the Church above.

Let our legislators encourage such a movement, by providing laws for the full protection of cemeteries from injury, through carelessness or wantonness, and provide for the perfect freedom of such property from taxation.

Let our land-owners make the cemetery an indispensable to every projected town or village; generosity in this, will be as "bread cast on the waters."

Let our surveyors vie with each other in the production of plans for rural cemeteries, developing the natural beauties of locations, and bring grace, beauty, utility, and every requisite to give character to our country homes and villages. The introduction of this element into our scenery, will open up a new sphere for original genius.

Let our horticulturists and florists urge the matter; the productions of their skill are the crowning beauties of the habitations of the departed, and the fitting emblems of our passing life.

Let the enterprising and indefatigable President of our State Horticultural Society, secure a person to prepare and read an essay before the Society at its next annual meeting, on the subject of Rural Cemeteries, and get them and keep them before the public mind.

Let our newspapers and journals take up the subject, till we shall hear the want echoed all over our State. All will be benefitted; none injured. Honor to him who will lead us in this noble work.

OBSEVER.

CATAWBA GRAPES.—We regret to learn that this variety of grapes is nearly destroyed the present season by the rot. Mr. Eisenmeyer of Mascoutah, Ill., tells us his crop has suffered severely—nearly a total failure. Mr. Kern, on the Alton Bluffs, says his Catawbas have suffered badly. Every one having the Catawba in this vicinity, tells us a sad story about them the present season.

## Renewal of Subscriptions.

Our readers will recollect that the change from the *Monthly VALLEY FARMER* to the *Semi-Monthly RURAL WORLD*, was made suddenly.

Most of our subscribers remitted only \$1—the price of the *Monthly*. They did not know of the change we had made.

We hope they have been pleased with our new *Journal*, and that they will want a continuation of its visits. They can remit singly or form clubs—either for six months or for one year, as they see proper. Our club terms are: 4 copies one year, \$6.00; or 4 copies six months \$3. Will not every subscriber endeavor to form a club for the balance of the year at least.

## American Horticultural Register.

The undersigned having been engaged to prepare and publish a Catalogue of American Nurserymen, Horticultural dealers and Agents and Fruit Growers, desires to procure—

I. Of nurserymen throughout the United States—the name, post-office, county, state, acres in nursery, sale stock for 1865-6, vis: Number of apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum, apricot, nectarine and quince trees; grapevines, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, blackberry and strawberry plants; stocks-apple, cherry, pear and quince; deciduous trees, evergreen trees; deciduous shrubs, evergreen shrubs, vines, creepers, roses, perennials flowers.

II. Of dealers and agents—name, post-office, county, state; names of nurserymen for whom acting; extent of territory, furnished or canvassed—nurserymen are requested to furnish this information of all their authorized agents.

III. Of fruit growers—name, post-office, county, state, acres planted, number of trees, vines and bushes, of apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum, apricot, nectarine, quince, grape, currant, gooseberry, blackberry, raspberry and strawberry.

IV. Of fruit dealers—name, post-office, county and state.

Persons sending the above information, with a 3 cent stamp for return postage, previous to Aug. 15, will receive a copy of the Register free of charge.

Early, prompt and correct information is urged, and will make this a valuable book of reference to buyer and seller.

W. C. FLAGG,  
Secretary Illinois State Horticultural Society,  
June 15, 1865.

Alton, Ill.

## PURE WHITE FACE BLACK SPANISH FOWLS.

For sale at \$5 per pair; \$7 per trio. E. A. RIEHL,  
Jy 34 Alton, Ill.

## Genuine CANARY BIRDS

For sale—Singers \$4 each; \$5 for male and female, or the whole stock, consisting of 15 to 20 birds, for \$30.

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For sale—a good watch dog, kind to children.

Address or call on the printer of the *Rural World*.

## 200,000 Apple Seedlings.

I have a choice lot of apple seedlings, healthy, thrifty and of fine length, as they have been grown in good, rich land, prepared by sub-soiling to the depth of 20 inches. They are preferable to seedlings grown at the North, as they have not been injured by severe freezing. Those wanting seedlings would do well to give us a call.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,

St. Louis, July 1, 1865.

## PURE BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE,

At Ten Dollars each, by E. A. RIEHL,

July 1-2 Alton, Ill.

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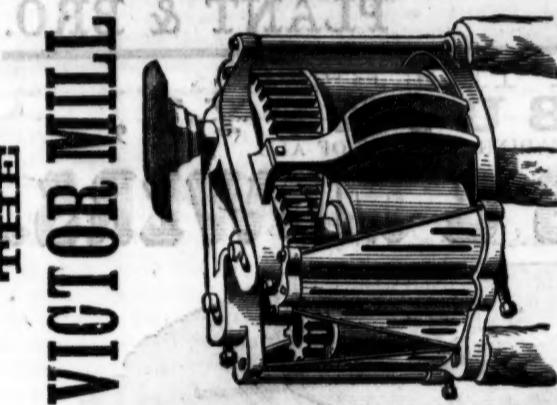
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HERMANN &amp; MANWARING.

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SUGAR MILLS!

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We have a large and choice lot of Pear and Peach trees, all carefully labelled, which have made a fine growth the present season, and from which we can supply a large lot of buds at budding time. They will be carefully packed in moss, so as to be sent safely to any part of the West. Price, \$1 per 100 cions; 75 cents per hundred where 500 are taken, and \$5 per 1000.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ON LEAVING OFF TOBACCO.

Medical authorities say the use of tobacco should not be broken off at once; that it is injurious. We have seen this frequently demonstrated. We have seen disastrous results from the sudden use of tobacco—particularly in chewing: we know of several cases now suffering. It is breaking up a strong habit—which is one of the evils. It also withholds the accustomed stimulant, and thus deranges the nerves which control the system.

Of course, the habit should never be formed: but since it is formed, something must be done. Break off moderately—that is the admonition. Either use a less quantity, or weaken the tobacco. We have known the best of results arising from the indulgence of half an allowance, after partial delirium, and the greatest of suffering, from the want of the weed, had reduced the individual to a wretched skeleton. A moderate user of tobacco has little difficulty in breaking off. Then is the time to get rid of the filthy habit; for, like "liquor," it is very apt to keep growing upon the individual. Break off moderately—do not break off at once—is the best experience; that is, where the habit is strong, as is the case where much tobacco has been used, and for a long time.

Now is a good time to begin leaving off. The high price of tobacco, should be an inducement to this economy.

Sense should be the object of all writing—in nonsense as well. Words without sense, are a dead body; the sense is the soul.

Do people know that they are forgetting always? Hence they should be persistent in getting knowledge, so as to gain, or at least hold good the treacherous memory.

When a man is himself, he is the man. A man who assumes, is off his proper hinges. Character is required—and that character is individuality.

Society is one man—all acting alike. Oh for an assembly of individuals! where will it be found?

## DIRECTING OUR CHILDREN.

Interest your children in what you wish them to succeed, and you will do more with them than in any other way—for that gets up a relish, a love—and half the battle is won: otherwise your labor is, not only hard, up-hill, but mostly in vain. Encouragement is the great inducement to learning, learning of all kinds. Where original bent is strong, it is not so easy to overcome it, and change it into another direction. But it can be done. It is not certain how much original bent there is, or whether the thing is really born with the person; so much do circumstances affect the case. So circumstances change "original" inclination. The control of our children, therefore, is much in our own hands. What a privilege this is, as well as a responsibility. Only we cannot make capacity, i.e., great capacity. A great man cannot be made out of a stupid one: there must be some brain to work upon. But ordinary capacity is capable of great things with proper direction and culture.

## INGROWING TOE-NAILS.

There are many remedies for this annoying difficulty; but they are often more painful than the difficulty itself. The simplest remedy is the best. It is, to crowd a little cotton under the edge of the nail where it cuts into the toe. The point of a penknife or a bodkin may be used. Get it well under, and especially at the corner of the nail, which, if it projects out somewhat, is all the better. The operation is not painful, or but slightly so, unless the wound is very sore, in which case poulticing should be resorted to, in addition.

We were troubled with an inverted toe-nail for some time, and tried various remedies with little success. To Dr. Wallace we are indebted for the simple treatment as above stated, and we found it entirely efficacious. Renew the cotton every second day, if the case is a severe one. If not much inflamed, relief will be had at once, and a cure in a few days. Do not fail to try the remedy, for it is certainly efficacious.

Herewith we present Cuts of the Celebrated  
**VICTOR SUGAR MILL**  
AND  
Cook's Renowned  
**EVAPORATOR.**



We deem it almost needless to say anything in recommendation of these mills, as their reputation is thoroughly known in sections where they have been used. For several years our supply of mills have been entirely inadequate to the demand, but we think this year our arrangements will be such as to meet all demands upon us. We are just in receipt of a large lot of mills and

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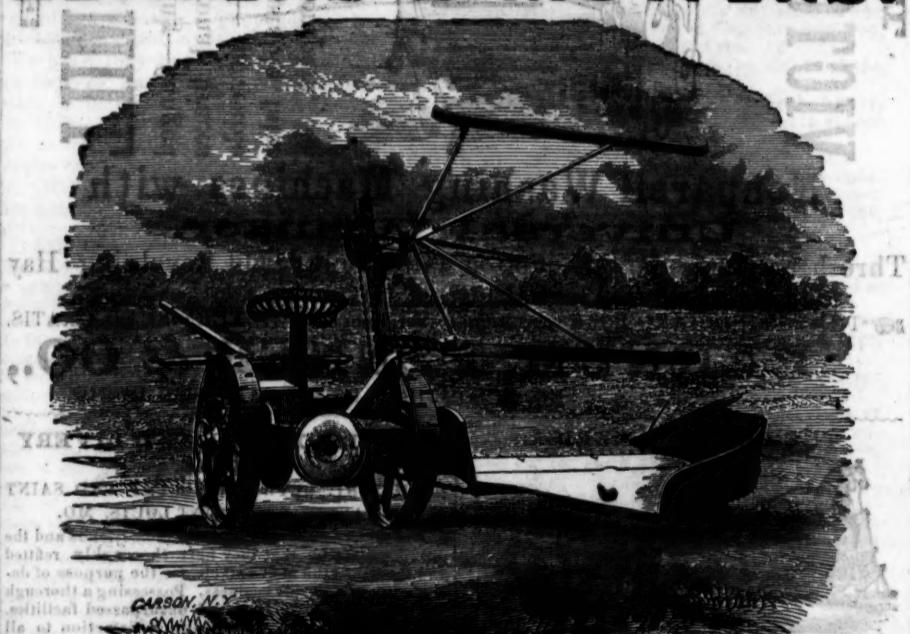
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